

Flowers of Flannel.

"Remember the loved ones! Memorial flowers made of your friends' clothing." This is the simple inscription on a tin sign nailed against the front of a private residence on Columbia avenue. A passing reporter saw the sign, and sought an interview with the person who puts sentiment into old clothes. The bell was answered by an artistic-looking lass, who ushered the scribe into the studio to await the advent of the master, who happened to be the mistress of the establishment. Around the apartment there were distributed glass shades covering specimens of unnaturally luscious-looking fruit and supernaturally bright-colored flowers, all wax. On the walls hung several frames containing what looked like somber-tinted prints of mournful weeping willows, monuments, crosses, wreaths, and other mortuary emblems, which proved, on inspection, to be human hair wrought into these various cheerful shapes. While the reporter was still inspecting these works of art and remembrance the lady of the house entered.

"Good morning. You're looking at some of my relics. I see. Pretty, aren't they?" Without ascertaining her visitor's wishes she began to explain the various designs and to tell how many premiums she had taken at country fairs.

"Do you really make flowers of old clothes?" asked the curious newspaper man.

"Yes, indeed; that is part of my business. In fact, it is the feature that I want to make the leading one. It is a new departure, and there is no limit to its possibilities." Before the reporter had left he was fain to believe there was not.

"A great many people don't like hair-work, and some say preserved flowers have too much of the waxy look of a corpse. The prettiest natural flowers are only emblems, after all; but bouquets made from clothes worn by those we wish to keep in remembrance are almost a part of our friends themselves."

The floral artist then proceeded to prove in a most conclusive manner what could be done by showing what had been done already, and when all is known it is as simple as it is ingenious. Sam'l of Posen could not make a necktie out of a pair of socks with more ingenuity. Given a sufficient quantity of old garments and the skill imparted by the artist at \$1 a lesson, the problem of how to make flowers is easily solved. The process is much like that of making artificial flowers for ladies' bonnets, the difference being that instead of selecting the colors to suit the design to be wrought, the design must be made to suit the materials at hand. Right here is where the skill of the manipulator to adapt means to ends of ribbons and scraps of cloth comes into play.

Two wreaths, in which the artist takes especial pride, were shown to the reporter to illustrate this point. One was made from the clothing once worn by a dead grandchild. It contained, besides a number of roses fashioned of the white muslin of the tiny skirts, a number of odd-shaped leaves made by cutting out the pattern of the embroidery upon the edge of the same. A daisy blossom had the white stuff of a baby stocking cut in strips for petals and a yellow-covered button for a center. There were queer-shaped botanical specimens evolved from striped and plaid percale, and unnameable blossoms in navy blue and cardinal wool that only the brain of a grower of flannel flowers might conceive. The second wreath, the admiring newspaper man was told, contained flowers made of the clothing worn by the artist's own first infant. In this white blossoms predominated, as was explained by the proud mother, because "there is not so much variety in an infant's dress as in an older person's. But white flowers are so much more appropriate for a little babe that is all innocence and purity, and, besides, they never will fade, you know." The skeptical scribe didn't pretend to know. With pride the mother proceeded to point out a pale buff pansy made of the kid of a tiny shoe, and a few little snowdrops of cotton that had been stuffed into the toe of the shoe to make it short enough for baby's foot. The gem of the whole collection and the one which was shown with the most gratification was a cream-colored lily on the inner circumference of the wreath, which the loving parent triumphantly explained was a part of the cradle cap that hung on the door-knob when the little one lay cold in its basket.

Another wreath, more gaudy in color and more cosmopolitan in make-up, was one of all the shades of the rainbow and several others besides. It was in itself a whole family history. "A red, red rose" was a part of her married daughter's last new bonnet, and a delicate white blossom called to mind the dress she wore when she was made a wife. A wild looking tiger lily was once part of a colored undershirt. The blossoms that told the story of the rest of the female side of the house were in such colors as were not found in all the bright robes worn by Solomon in the days of his glory.

"But only feminine apparel can be utilized for bouquets," objected the reporter. "That's just where you are wrong!" the artist exclaimed. "Why, think of the colored shirts, flannel, drawers, neckties, and stockings. They furnish an unlimited supply for as bright bouquets and rosettes as you could wish. I made a beautiful bunch of pansies not long ago of bits of a gentleman's kid gloves. Many of the pieces were the right shade, but a few had to be colored to suit. I am about to make a large bouquet for a down-town woman whose husband belonged to the old Moya Hose company and was afterward a soldier. The center will be a large hollyhock. His red fireman's shirt will come in play here, don't you see? I can surround this by blue flowers of some kind. I like best to make them according to my own ideas. Some people think they can tell just how it ought to be done. Why, this woman, whose husband was a fireman, wanted me to make a lot of forget-me-nots and lilies of the valley out of her husband's blue uniform and a white flannel shirt. Such blossoms would do for a baby or a love-sick girl, but for an old fellow that used to run with the masheen—it makes my head ache."

Just at this point a Columbia avenue dude passed the window. The disgruntled artist espied him and exclaimed:

"Wouldn't I like a chance to make a bouquet for him out of his clothes? That spotted jacket would be just lovely worked up into tiger lilies and sun-flowers, and his legs would make excellent stems for the flowers if they were only a little thicker and not so crooked." The many advantages of the flannel and linen flowers are causing the trade in them to grow, and the florist who now does the chief business in growing them has confidence that as soon as their virtues become more widely known some of the florists will be compelled to shut up shop for lack of something to do. When it is considered that they don't fade or wilt under the hottest rays of the sun or freeze though attacked by the coldest blasts of winter, the small sum of \$20 asked for making a medium-sized wreath sinks into insignificance, and it will be admitted that the genius that originated the idea of remembering dead friends by their old clothes is a benefactor to the race.—*Philadelphia Times*.

The Modern Canoe.

"The primeval canoe has passed through a process of evolution," said a manufacturer of light water craft. "The crude dugout was gradually improved upon until it resulted in the Indian's birch bark canoe. This was a fast and serviceable craft, but it was very far from being comfortable. The paddler sat on a wooden rod instead of a seat and the canoe was very cranky. By gradual development the Indian canoe has been made into the canoe of today. Cruising canoes are the most popular. The American Canoe Association has decided that a canoe to be entered for races must be a boat sharp at both ends and not more than thirty-six inches wide on deck. She may be propelled by sails or paddles, or both, but she must be capable of being effectively propelled by a double-bladed paddle. The best canoes have air chambers at the ends which will float the crew and cargo even if the canoe is stove in. Canoes usually have the keel, bottom and stem and stern posts of oak, while the sides and top are of cedar. The ribs are of red elm and the coamings of oak. They are copper fastened throughout and finished with oil. Bulkheads are built forward of the cockpit for dry storage. The craft is steered by the feet of the paddler by means of a simple steering gear. A canoe to be complete needs a variety of equipment. The fittings for the canoe itself are a rudder, steering gear, a cushion back-board, paddles, masts, spars, sail, ropes, blocks and cleats. One of the most popular models has the following dimensions: Length, fourteen feet; beam, twenty-six inches; depth amidship at gunwales, eight inches; at ends, thirteen inches; rise of deck, three inches; cockpit pit, eighteen by sixty inches."

"Where are canoes built?" "Many boat builders will turn out a canoe when ordered, but the best are made by special canoe builders. The demand for them has increased so much within the past five years that there are several large canoe yards scattered around the lake regions. Center-board canoes are quite popular. They average fifteen feet in length, and are made very stiff. They are completely equipped with masts and sails that can be unshipped and stowed away when the voyager paddles. There is no end to the things a canoeist needs, and constantly at work perfecting little labor-and-space saving devices. There is a place in a well-run canoe for everything that is useful for comfort, and every thorough canoeist keeps every thing in its place.

"One of the most recent of the many contrivances is a sort of housekeeper's box, which is made to fit in a special locker in the canoe. It consists of a light tin box eight by twelve by five inches, divided into compartments. One section has three moveable trays for bacon and crackers. Next are two boxes for oatmeal and rice respectively. Then there is a large box for flour. Next is a compartment in which can be packed three pails, a fryingpan, a sauce dish, a broiler, and some small tin pie plates. All these utensils are made so that they fit into each other. The four corners of the main box are for pepper and salt. In the middle of the whole thing is a place for ice, with a compartment for butter next to it. All this takes up considerably less than a cubic foot. Then there are perfectly made stoves, all complete, which can be packed in a space of about ten inches square. A modern canoe carries every necessary for a cruise in a remarkably small space. It is not to be wondered at that canoeing is popular."—*N. Y. Sun*.

Advertising Sunday Bathing.

A tall young man went in bathing in the Mohawk River at Schenectady on a recent Sunday with several other Sabbath breakers, in spite of previous protests against their selection of such a conspicuous place for their ablutions. While they were in the water a Mr. Van Voast appeared on the bank and carried off an armful of their clothing. All of the bathers, however, had enough apparel left to get home without undue exposure except the tall, young man, whose only remaining raiment was a collar and a pair of shoes. But as luck would have it he found near the river an empty barrel, out of which he knocked the heads and into which he stepped, and thus appeared he made his way home across the fields, painfully holding up the barrel as he walked, but dropping and sinking into it whenever anyone appeared in sight. Before he reached the paternal mansion half the dogs in town had detected his predicament and united to form a howling escort. It is thought that Mr. Van Voast's method of abolishing Sunday bathing will be successful.—*Saturday (N. Y.) Union*.

The prevalence of small-pox is a serious annoyance to a man's peace of mind in traveling in New Mexico. In the villages scattered through the country there are always some and frequently many cases, and the Mexicans, so far from attempting to check the disease, consider it necessary and right, if a neighbor is sick with it, not only to visit him themselves, but also to take with them their entire family down to the infant in arms. They are, besides, superstitiously opposed to vaccination.

Hot Water for Insects.

It has been many years since we first employed hot water for killing destructive insects, but never with the accuracy of the experiments described in a late number of the *Gardener's Magazine* of London. A large number of experiments were made with different plants to determine what degree of heat they would bear without injury. Among the plants which would bear 140 degrees without being harmed, but which were hurt at 150 degrees, were centaureas, sedums, fuchsias, calceolarias, petunias, ferns, and several others. It was curious that all the plants tested would bear nearly the same degree of heat, with scarcely any variation. Pelargoniums were unhurt up to 150 degrees, but the slightest rise above killed the young wood and leaves. It is probable that the same result would take place with hardy plants, and the green shoots and leaves of trees. The question next occurs, what insects will yield to this temperature or to one some degrees lower? The information is not furnished by the *Gardener's Magazine*, except that aphides quickly perish in water heated at 120 degrees. The practice has been adopted by nurserymen for clearing their young pear, cherry and other trees in the nursery rows of the aphides which have infested them, by bending the branches which they covered so as to immerse them in soap-suds, which has proved effectual; but doubtless a better way would be to use hot water, the temperature of which could be kept at the right point by the use of a thermometer, and by occasional additions from a vessel kept heated to boiling.

A useful series of experiments, easily performed would be to ascertain what insects would yield to this hot bath, which might be tried on rose bugs, slugs, currant worms or any others which feed on or occupy the green and flexible shoots of plants and trees. A most important advantage of this mode is that it leaves no defacing or hurtful poison on the plants.

In the experiments which we have performed for many years in destroying the cabbage worm with hot water, the precise temperature could not be determined by using the thermometer, as the plants could not be immersed, but must be treated by a showering from a watering pot. This required some care and judgment, and was not therefore so well adapted to general use. The water was to be kept quite hot in the vessel, as it was necessarily considerably cooled in the fine jets through the air from the rose, and when too hot the application must be for a briefer moment than when the temperature is lower. It is worth while to ascertain how low a point will be fatal to them, and then to fill the watering pot with water a few degrees higher, and apply it promptly and freely, keeping a thermometer on hand as a guide. A certain and successful application of this remedy, easily performed, would be of great value to the cabbage-raising and cabbage-eating community.—*Country Gentleman*.

Manufactured Beauty.

It is a question whether beauty, like goodness, must not necessarily be genuine in order to be admirable. We despise the hypocrite; we laugh at the artificially lovely. Yet there is a large class which is so desirous of admiration that, in its pursuit, any deceit is considered justifiable. The climax of this theory is reached when the old lady of eighty-five, the aged patroness of many charlatans, is held up to admiration because at a little distance she would pass for thirty. Proudly her "makers up" point out how this effect is produced; her hair is false, her skin is enameled—besides being "tightened" to prevent wrinkles—her eyelashes are stained and her figure is "made." She is false all over. Now, is this admirable? Would not a little honest old age and ugliness be preferable? Be this as it may, it is not very important. When a lady has reached the mature age of eighty-five her appearance troubles no one very much, except her grandchildren. But when it comes to the lady whom you love, or might love if you were quite certain that she was genuine, the case is different. It is bad to know that your dear Angela must sleep in corsets, or she never, never could attain to the fashionable waist; it is sad to think of the inevitable results on her poor little feet of those Louis Quinze heels, which make her pretty boots look so bewitching. But such sins as these, such triflings with the human frame divine, are things too common to complain of. When Angela's hair slowly but surely changes its color, that, too, must be borne in silence, even if the new shade is nothing so becoming as its predecessor. But when you begin to fancy Angela's nose is growing Grecian—when at last you are positive a change has taken place—then it is not nice to guess that Angela, in the sweet hours of sleep, wears a nose machine. The picture is not pretty or pleasant; how much worse must it appear to the sufferer? Figure to yourself what it must feel like to take your beauty-sleep with a pair of pinners on your nose. That pretty old-fashioned expression has now taken on a new and dreadful meaning. Any one who desires to possess the "Mrs. Langtry nose" has but to sleep in torment for a week or two and the great result is obtained. If the figure of the would-be beauty is not as lovely as she wishes, "the anatomical corset maker" will supply her with a nocturnal squeezing apparatus which will "fine her down" by degrees. If her stature is too low for beauty she may remedy this by wearing what is mildly called an "appliance" in the days of the Inquisition it would probably have been classed as an instrument of torture. This appliance squeezes and stretches all the lower parts of the body, and its use is said not to interfere with the comfort of one's beauty-sleep.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

A Brooklyn Heights girl, disguised as a maid-servant, washed the sidewalk of her father's residence with the hose for the sake of getting a chance to turn the water on a dude who insisted upon making love to her.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A wealthy Philadelphian, Mr. Henry Leybert, left sixty thousand dollars to the Medical University of Pennsylvania, on the condition that it would institute an impartial investigation of spiritualism.—*Philadelphia Press*.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—John T. Raymond ("Colonel Sellers") has been on the stage thirty years.

—Some say in Brooklyn that Mr. Martin is the richest citizen, and put his wealth up to \$30,000,000.—*Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle*.

—"My soul is God's, but my heart is yours," were the dying words of the late Charley Backus, the minstrel, addressed to his young wife.—*N. Y. Times*.

—Walter Evans, who died on his farm, near Reading, Pa., recently, at the age of ninety, lived on that farm all his life, never left it, and never saw a railroad train.—*Philadelphia Times*.

—Lotta, it is said, wants to be a real "marchioness," and her errand abroad has this ambition. The *Dramatic Times* says she has gone to Europe to find a husband, and has money enough to keep one in tolerably nice style.

—Lyman Beecher, the father of Henry Ward, was minister of the gospel for fifty-four years. He died in his seventy-eight year. The family is long-lived, and Mr. Beecher at seventy can be depended on for many years of active work.—*N. Y. Times*.

—Mr. F. M. Twombly, master-mechanic of the Mexican Central Railroad, at Chihuahua, lives with his family in a box car, which is divided into kitchen, dining room, sitting room and bedroom. His novel quarters are very tastefully furnished and very comfortable.

—Hon. Daniel Pearce, of Central Falls, R. I., who celebrated his ninetieth birthday recently, is now serving his fifty-second year as Justice of the Peace. He has been married sixty-eight years and has eighteen grandchildren and thirty-two great-grandchildren. His son, Daniel Pearce, Jr., aged sixty-five, is said to be the oldest man in New England whose parents are both living.—*Boston Journal*.

—Benjamin P. Cheney is thought by some to be the wealthiest Bostonian. His money was partly made in the express business. It is said that he waited many years for a beautiful widow to marry him, which she agreed to do when she had raised her daughter, and the waiting becoming too deliberate, he married the daughter, who loved him without conditions, and those who know say she has made him a noble wife.—*Boston Post*.

—Henry Labouchere, M. P., has a very democratic contempt for the fuss and feathers of royalty, and he uses a democratic freedom, too, in speaking his mind. "What," he asks, apropos of the recent doings at Moscow, "is in reality this medieval nonsense?" An individual, neither better nor worse, probably, than any other, has a metal pot put on his head, called a crown, a stick, called a scepter, put in one of his hands, and a ball, called an orb, put in the other. If this amuses him it does no harm to any one else, but why spend millions on this curious ceremony?"

—With about one hundred and fifty Dickinsons in Amherst, Mass., at present, the family does not seem to do quite as much of the town business as it did years ago. At the first meeting of the district of Amherst March 10, 1779, Dea Ebenezer Dickinson was chosen moderator; Ebenezer Dickinson, Jonathan Dickinson, John Dickinson and Moses Dickinson were four of the five selectmen; Dea Ebenezer Dickinson, Jonathan Dickinson and Moses Dickinson were the assessors; Gideon Dickinson, Daniel Dickinson and Nathaniel Dickinson were surveyors, and Moses Dickinson was one of the reeves.—*N. Y. Sun*.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—It is no longer polite to speak of a man as having been hanged. Say he went to the other world as an "assisted emigrant."—*Philadelphia News*.

—An Irishman, watching a game of base ball, was sent to the grass by a fog, which struck him under the fifth rib. A fowl, was it? Ooh, sure, I thought it was a mule!"—*N. Y. News*.

—"Still alive, Uncle Reuben, I see." "Yes, sah; yes, sah; an' I see gwine to lib anudder yeah, suah." How do you know that?" "Why, sah, I see moss allus notiss dat when I lib fru de monf of March, I lib fru de whole yeah."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

—A rural bridegroom presented his wife with a broom, and told her that when she wore it out he would take her on a tour. She immediately broke it over his head and dusted him with the heavy part. They started for Niagara Falls the next day.—*Chicago Herald*.

—"If your boarding-house should take fire at night what would you do to get the people out?" asked the Fire Marshal of an experienced matron. "O, there would be no trouble about that," was the reply; "I would just ring the breakfast bell, and all the boarders would be in the dining-room in three minutes."—*Detroit Post*.

—Sydney Smith had a maid who used to boil the eggs very well by her master's watch; but one day he could not lend it to her, because it was under repair, so she took the time from the kitchen clock, and the eggs came up nearly raw. "Why didn't you take three minutes from the clock as you do from the watch, Mary?" "Well, sir," replied Mary, "I thought that would be too much as the hands are so much larger."

—A man walked into the *Puck* editorial rooms and wanted to know where he could find a market for first-class jokes. "Right here said the joke editor. "Well, then, how will this do? There was another coronation last month besides that of the Czar, and it's still going on. I mean Turkey. It is a Koran nation." The crematory services were attended by the Hon. Sackville West and the members of St. George's Society, for the deceased was an Englishman, late of the Punch staff.—*Puck*.

—Mike Finnigan (to post-office clerk): "Sure! there ary a lether for me?" Clerk: "What name?" Mike: "Oh, niver mind the name. Don't ye be too inquisitive. Oi only wants me lether."

Clerk: "Yes; but I cannot give you a letter unless I know your name."

Mike: "Well, thin, me name is Pat O'Donnell."

The clerk could find no letter for that name, and Mike went off muttering: "The inquisitive spalpeen thought as how he was schmart; but Oi'm after pullin' the wool over his eyes, for Oi gwim him the wrong name!"

—*N. Y. Independent*.

Hounded Into Honesty.

An old Texan detective told me the following story yesterday: Imagine a clever, gentlemanly, bright and educated criminal—a forger and bank robber—who was suspected of big jobs in nearly every large Eastern city. He and Dutch Heinrich were bosom friends, and although from policy they never operated together, it was pretty well understood that they rarely ever undertook a job without consulting each other sub rosa, seldom being seen together. The man of whom I speak had a pleasant way of saying when approached by his pals or the detectives who knew him, "let us reason together," and it is a fact that he did most of the reasoning. He had been operating in London and Paris ten years ago, and came back with a pot of money and bonds, and intended, I believe, to settle down and give the other boys a chance—at least, that is what he told me the last time I had a talk with him. I was at one time a perfect Javet to him, and haunted his steps for a week at a time, unable however, to get the punk on him, and I believe the fellow liked me. It was no use to shadow him, for he was the most clever drop I ever saw. I ran across him in New York soon after the elevated railroads were built, and I tried hard to shadow him, but it wouldn't work. One day he left the Fifth Avenue Hotel about ten o'clock, and turned down Twenty-third street toward the Sixth avenue road. I jumped on a street car and passed him about midway down the street, keeping a close watch on his movements from the interior of the car. Arriving at the avenue I got off the car and ran up the steps leading to the ticket office. I waited until he began to ascend the steps, and then purchased a ticket and entered the gate as the down train approached. He walked leisurely up, bought a ticket, and after glancing carelessly around among the passengers made a movement as though to board the train, which was by this time about to start. Feeling certain that he was going down town, I swung upon the platform, and the brakeman closed the gate with a snap just as I saw my game recede from the platform of the next car and walk deliberately down stairs again. Of course I had to go with the train, as the platform gate had closed on me, and I was not such an ass as to jump off after the train had started and give myself away to him. Years ago I used to think I was fly, but the older I get the more satisfied I am that it is one of the easiest things in life for a suspect to elude a shadow. I got off the train at Fourteenth street, and crossing the track, took the first up train, intending to get off at Twenty-third street, but as we approached the station I saw my man on the platform, he having evidently walked down the steps on the east side, crossed the avenue, and then ascended on the west side. I kept my seat and watched him get aboard, take a seat in the car I was in, and settle himself down to read his paper, as though going through to Yorkville. At Twenty-third street, however, he got off, crossed over, ascended the steps on the down track, and deliberately bought a down-town ticket. I remained on the avenue undecided whether to follow him or let him go, and trust to luck to pick him up down-town by taking the train immediately behind his. At that moment an empty hack came down the avenue, and I beckoned the driver to stop.

"Can you get to Twenty-third street before the next train does?" "For money, yes."

"I'll give you three dollars if you beat the train, and a cent if the train beats you."

"Jump in."

I sprang in and caddy drove like—excuse me, gents—and as I hastily handed him the three dollars I heard the train rumbling along. Up the steps I sprang, upsetting an old lady who was forcing ahead slowly and jostling an old swell in a white hat. The train stopped as I reached the ticket office and it started before I got my change, but I sprang through the gate and flung myself all over the brakeman, who was forcing the passengers into the car so he could close the platform gate. I don't know what that brakeman thought, but I knew I was aboard the train and I had every reasonable hope to believe that my man was there too. At Park place I saw him get off, and hurriedly leaving the car I joined the crowd and shadowed him to the Astor House into which he walked by the main entrance, leaving it immediately by the ladies' door. I followed slowly, and as I emerged saw him standing across the street piping the ladies' entrance. As I came out he smiled once, nodded, and entered a bus to go up-town. Of course I let him go, as he had evidently dropped to me.

The gist of the story is to me now. He told me a year afterward that he was under surveillance everywhere and that life was beginning to be a burden to him, as he found it insupportable to dodge shadows wherever he went. There was nothing sure on him and no warrants out, so it was worse than useless to arrest him; the only thing to be done was to eternally shadow him in the hope of catching him dead to rights, and yet he dropped to and threw off every shadow in whatever city he visited. Three years ago he visited Galveston and the New York detectives followed him there, but he managed to elude them and for some time nothing was heard of him. I was working up a case for a St. Louis firm when I received a note from him to the effect that he wished to see me at a certain place just out of town. I kept the appointment and learned the following facts: Tired of being hounded he had determined to so change his exterior that no one—not even his friends—would recognize him, and to this end he hit upon the plan of contracting small-pox. This he did and succeeded in pitting himself to such an extent that his own mother would not have recognized him. It was a desperate strategy, but he was in desperate straits, and for some time past he has been a prosperous farmer in Northern Texas, living a well-regulated and moral life. He pledged me to keep his secret for the sake of his family, and I did so up to the present moment. The reason I speak of the case now is that he died about seven weeks ago of Bright's disease. Further than this, the detective would say nothing, except that the deceased had left a wife and three children well provided for, in upper Texas.—*Cor. Galveston News*.

Fraternal Sparring.

I have just returned from a little two-handed tournament with the gloves. I have filled my nose with cotton waste so that I shall not soak this sketch in gore as I write.

I needed a little healthful exercise and was looking for something that would be full of vigorous enthusiasm, and at the same time promote the healthful flow of blood to the muscles. This was rather difficult. I tried most everything, but failed. Being a sociable being (joke) I wanted other people to help me exercise, or go along with me when I exercised. Some men can go away to a desert isle and have fun with dumb-bells and a horizontal bar, but to me it would seem dull and commonplace after awhile, and I would yearn for more humanity.

Two of us finally concluded to play billiards, but we were only amateurs and the owner intimated that he would want the table for Christmas, so we broke off in the middle of the first game and I paid for it.

Then a younger brother said he had a set of boxing gloves in his room, and although I was the taller and had longer arms he would hold up as long as he could and I might hammer him until I gained strength and finally got well.

I accepted this offer because I had often regretted that I had not made myself familiar with this art, and also because I knew it would create a thrill of interest and fire me with ambition, and that's what a hollow-eyed invalid needs to put him on the road to recovery.

The boxing-glove is a large fat mitten with an abnormal thumb and string at the wrist by which you tie it on, so that when you feed it to your adversary he cannot swallow it and choke himself. I had never seen any boxing-gloves before, but my brother said they were soft and wouldn't hurt anybody. So we took off some of our raiment and put them on. Then we shook hands. I can remember distinctly yet that we shook hands. That was to show that we were friendly and would not slay each other.

My brother is a good deal younger than I am and so I warned him not to get excited and come for me with anything that would look like wild and ungovernable fury because I might in the heat of debate pile his jaw up on his forehead and fill his ear full of sore thumb. He said that was all right and he would try to be cool and collected.

Then we put our right toes close together and I told him to be on his guard. At that moment I dealt him a terrific blow aimed at his nose, but through a clerical error of mine it went over his shoulder and spent itself in the wall of the room shattering a small, holly wood bracket for which I paid him \$3.75 afterward. I did not wish to buy the bracket because I had two at home, but he was arbitrary about it and I bought it.

We then took another athletic posture, and in two seconds the air was full of puffed thumb and buckskin mitten. I soon detected a chance to put one in where my brother could smell it, but I never knew just where it struck, for at that moment I ran up against something with the pit of my stomach that made me throw up the sponge along with some other groceries, the names of which I cannot now recall.

My brother then proposed that we take off the gloves, but I thought I had not sufficiently punished him, and that another round would complete the conquest, which was then almost within my grasp. I took a bismuth powder and squared myself, but in warding off a left-hander, I forgot about my adversary's right and ran my nose into the middle of his boxing-glove. Fearing that I had injured him, I retreated rapidly on my elbows and shoulder-blades to the corner of the room, thus giving him ample time to recover. By this means my younger brother's features were saved and are to-day as symmetrical as my own.

I can still cough up pieces of boxing-gloves, and when I close my eyes I can see calcium lights and blue phosphorescent gleams across the horizon, but I am thoroughly convinced that there is no physical exercise which yields the same amount of health and elastic vigor to the puncheon that the manly art does. To the puncheon, also, it affords a large wad of glad surprises and nose bleed, which cannot be hurtful to those who hanker for the pleasing nervous shock, the spinal jar and the pyrotechnic concussion.

That is why I shall continue the exercises after I have practiced with a mule or a cowcatcher two or three weeks, and feel a little more confidence in myself.—*Bill Nye, in Detroit Free Press*.

School Examinations.

There is hardly a thoughtful parent who does not know that the object set before his boy and girl at school is not the gradual, healthy development of their mental power and ability for usefulness, but a certain number of marks, a high place in their class, some paltry distinction on graduating day. Pupils thus fail to perceive how utterly factitious and worthless these successes are a week after they leave the school. The argument of the teacher is that the examination marks are a test of the pupil's proficiency. This is seldom correct. They are a test of his verbal memory and physical endurance. So wide is the range of study required now even in primary schools that nothing more can be done by the pupil than to commit the text-books to memory; to learn, as it were, the alphabet, the dictionary, of each science, in the vain hope that in after life he may learn to comprehend it, to speak the language.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

—Most ridiculous was the death of the French Marshal, De Montrevel, "whose whole soul," says St. Simon, "was but ambition and lucre, without having ever been able to distinguish his right hand from his left, but concealing his universal ignorance with an audacity which favor, fashion and birth protected." He was a very superstitious man, and one day a salt-cellar was upset at a public dinner in his lap and so frightened was he that he arose and announced that he was a dead man. He reached home, and died in a few days, in 1716, literally scared to death by the absurd casualty of a salt-cellar turning over.